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UNIVERSAL BIOGRAPHY OF MUSICIANS.

M. Fétis, the most celebrated living writer on music and musicians whose *Biographie Universelle* has long been accepted as a standard work, has addressed a letter to his friend and pupil, Jules de Glimes, the object of which will best be served by its publication in a translated form. No musician or amateur of music in this country will peruse it without interest.

Conservatoire Royale, Bruxelles,
April 26.

MY DEAR DE GLIMES,—I must beg of you to render me a service during your stay in London. It is to communicate with the distinguished artists of that great capital, and to request them, on my part, to have the goodness to furnish you with particulars about themselves personally, their education and their works—whether they be composers, singers, instrumentalists, or writers upon the subject of music. I desire these materials in order to enable me to add the biographies of the most noted of them to the supplement of the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, which I am now preparing for publication. I shall be infinitely indebted to you if you will kindly render me this service.

Consider me always your devoted

FÉTIS.

M. De Glimes, who has arrived in London for the season, and who entrusted us with the original of the above letter, will, during his stay here, be actively employed in the matter. As far as we are concerned we shall be happy to forward the views of M. Fétis by whatever means we possess. Any information forwarded to the office of the *Musical World* shall be applied to the purpose intended. Music is now in such an advanced state among us, that a *Biographie des Musiciens*, without including those of Great Britain, would by no means be entitled to the epithet "*Universelle*." M. Fétis, with his capacious and subtle *esprit*, doubtless thinks as we do. At least, his letter to Jules de Glimes suggests as much.

MICHAEL COSTA.

By many degrees the best portrait we have seen of this renowned *chef d'orchestre* has just been published by Messrs. Hanhart. It was drawn on stone from life, by M. C. Bagniet, and adds one more to that gifted artist's already magnificent gallery of living musicians. It is a full-length portrait, minus feet and ankles. The likeness is wonderfully striking. The head uncovered—the hat being held with *nonchalance* in the left hand—leaves the features their full play.

We observe in the countenance, that placid expression of immovable will, which is one of the grand characteristics of the popular "Composer, Conductor, and Director of the music" of the Royal Italian Opera, Philharmonic Concerts and Directors, Birmingham Festival, Buckingham Palace *soirées*, Sacred Harmonic Society, &c., &c. M. Bagniet has caught his features felicitously, and stamped it indelibly on stone.

Every admirer of the great Neapolitan, every member of every orchestra he directs, should hasten to Hanhart's and purchase a copy of the portrait, which has the additional recommendation of being Bagniet's last *chef d'œuvre*.

PIPS FROM PUNCH.

HARMONIC RAPPING.—If spirits can rap upon a table, it stands to reason that they are also able to strike the keys of a piano. The rappers should therefore extend the range of their entertainments by adding a BROADWOOD to their mahogany, and by combining the harmonic meeting with the spiritual *séance*. Weber, who was such a capital hand at supernatural effects, and whose amiable character during life renders it probable that his disposition is accommodating after death, would doubtless willingly oblige the company with an air or two from *Der Freischütz*, or *Oberon*, or perform the overture to the *Ruler of the Spirits*. The ears of the visitors might also be gratified with a genuine "Ghost Melody," the effect whereof upon those organs would probably be to add, in a preternatural degree, to their natural elongation.

MR. GLADSTONE'S FANTASIA.—The *Exchequer Fantasia*, as played by Mr. Gladstone, is a performance which has elicited considerable approbation. It may, however, be considered whether, clever as is the execution of this eminent violinist, his composition is not rather brilliant than correct, and more calculated to dazzle by display than to satisfy the taste of a judicious public. The *diminuendo* on A, B, and C, and so on, alphabetically, in the scale, takes vastly at first hearing; but on consideration it will hardly reconcile the audience, at whose expense the whole is played, for the want of change in the key of D, where some modulation is felt to be so imperatively required, whilst the whole burden in that weary key, as well as in C hard and the corresponding sharps—a specimen of severity without grandeur—is amplified and protracted to the period of a full seventh; without rest or relief for the present, and with a prospect of cessation too remote to be indulged in with any confidence.

CATALOGUE OF PIANISTS WHO HAVE NOT PLAYED AT THE PHILHARMONIC.

CHAPTER 2.

Chopin	(Foreign.)
Clara Loveday	(Native.)
Henri Bertini	(Foreign.)
Miss Corrie	(Native.)
Goria	(Foreign.)
Mrs. Goffrie	(Native.)
Mortier de Fontaine	(Foreign.)
Henry Forbes	(Native.)
Blumenthal	(Foreign.)
Robert Muller	(Native.)
Leopoldine Blahetka	(Foreign.)
T. M. Mudie	(Native.)
W. Kùhe	(Foreign.)
Walter Macfarren	(Native.)
Otto Goldschmidt	(Foreign.)
Henry Wylde	(Native.)
Jacques Rosenhain	(Foreign.)
G. F. Kiallmark	(Native.)
E. J. Silas	(Foreign.)
C. J. Toms	(Native.)
Antoine de Konski	(Foreign.)
Oliver May	(Native.)
Cathinka de Dietz	(Foreign.)
Edward Blackshaw	(Native.)
Louis Werner	(Foreign.)
H. J. Westrop	(Native.)
Heinrich Werner	(Foreign.)
C. E. Stephens	(Native.)
Elise Krinitz	(Foreign.)
Henry Graves	(Native.)
D'Alquen	(Foreign.)
B. R. Isaacs	(Native.)
Ferdinand Praeger	(Foreign.)
Ricardo Linter	(Native.)
Adolphus Gollmick	(Foreign.)
Maurice Hogan	(Native.)
Jacques Herz	(Foreign.)
John Sebastian Bach Mills	(Native.)

(To be continued.)

[N.B. All the above have either resided in London, or have fixed residences there.]

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

It is long since such a first-rate concert as that of Monday night (the fourth of the season) has been given by the Philharmonic Society. So unexceptionably good were the materials of which it was composed, that its extraordinary length was not felt to be irksome. The room was crowded to excess, and the performance was thoroughly enjoyed from beginning to end. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Sinfonia, MS.	Cherubini.
Scena, "Alcandro," Herr Staudigl	Mozart.
Concerto, MS., violoncello, Signor Piatti	Molique.
Aria, "Sento mancarmi," Mrs. Enderssohn	Crescentini.
Overture, "Euryanthe"	Weber.

PART II.

Sinfonia Pastorale	Beethoven.
Aria, Herr Staudigl, "Der Kriegerlust	Spohr.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte, M. Hallé	Beethoven.
Duet, Mrs. Enderssohn and Herr Staudigl	Spohr.
March in "Athalie"	Mendelssohn.

Conductor, Mr. Costa.

The symphony, in D, of Cherubini, the only one from his pen which is known, was written for the Philharmonic Society during the composer's residence in London, performed once, and then assigned to the library, to be forgotten until the present time, when it suddenly came into the heads of the seven directors that such a work existed, and might possibly be worth a hearing. The mere fact of its being the only large orchestral work of so great a musician, would have sufficed to render it an object of interest to every amateur, independently of its intrinsic merits, which are in many respects remarkable. During the many years that have elapsed since it was produced, however, the art has undergone many and various transformations. Beethoven, and Mendelssohn after him, made quite a different thing of the orchestral symphony; and Cherubini, who followed in the wake of Haydn and Mozart, without exhibiting, in this description of music, the genius or the ingenuity of either of his predecessors, can still less stand the test of comparison with those who succeeded him. Many a chance of real enjoyment has undoubtedly been lost to the subscribers by the consignment of Cherubini's symphony to the shelf; but, now that it is brought to light again, the feeling that would once have appreciated it no longer exists. It is not, like the imperishable models of Mozart and Haydn, a work for all time; though, at the period of its composition, it may have successfully represented the actual state of the arts. What Cherubini himself thought of this symphony may be judged from the fact that, many years after it was written, he turned it into a quartet for stringed instruments, transposing it a note lower, and changing many parts of it. In its second form it was introduced, last season, by Messrs. Sainton, Cooper, and Piatti at the Quartet Association, and gave much greater pleasure than in its symphonic shape on Monday night. That it shows the hand of a master in every movement, and that its instrumentation is admirable for strength and clearness, may be readily believed. The name of the author is a guarantee for such excellencies. But on the other hand, a general absence of fancy, a monotony of colouring, and a certain prevalent staleness in the themes, render it dull in spite of its cleverness. The vigour, and fine orchestral painting, if the expression may be allowed, observable in the operatic overtures of Cherubini, are nowhere manifested in his symphony; and, though it was played with great spirit, the apathy with which it was received by the audience, renders it unlikely that we shall hear it again. It was, nevertheless, a wise step on the part of the directors to introduce it; and its performance on Monday night will be remembered as an interesting fact in the annals of the society. The "Pastorale" of Beethoven, the execution of which wanted nothing but delicacy to make it irrepachable, was well calculated to show the difference between a work of imagination and one of mere skill and facility. All recollection of Cherubini's symphony was lost in the continuous splendour of this gorgeous musical poem.

Weber's *Euryanthe*, played with unusual fire, had already done much towards effacing it, and Beethoven completed the task.

The new composition of Herr Molique was unequivocally successful. It has supplied what has long been wanted a concerto for the violoncello, equal in importance and interest to the concertos of the great masters for the violin and the pianoforte. Mendelssohn had projected such a work for Signor Piatti, but did not live to finish it. The concerto of Herr Molique is divided into three movements—an *allegro moderato*, an *andante*, and a *rondo*. The longest is the *allegro*; but the beauty and strong contrast of the principal subjects, the effective character of the *bravura* passages for the principal instruments, and the masterly variety of the orchestral accompaniments, invest the whole with a powerful interest. The introduction of an elaborate *cadenza*, on the tonic pedal, is also a new and happy idea, which, among others, helps to establish the originality of this movement. The *andante* is chiefly remarkable for its exquisite melody. The *rondo*, written in the form of a regular movement, affords a grateful relief by its playful and animated character, which is carried out in the orchestra with unceasing spirit and ingenuity. In Signor Piatti, Herr Molique found an executant capable of giving the best effect to his concerto. Seldom has this unrivalled player appeared to greater advantage. His execution of the passages, and *tours de force* was perfect, while his tone and expression in the *cantabile* phrases might have afforded a useful lesson to any vocalist. The concerto was received with enthusiasm. It was a consolation to the subscribers to be enabled to welcome Herr Molique as a composer, now that they are allowed so few opportunities of applauding him as a performer at the Philharmonic Concerts, notwithstanding that he is one of the greatest of violinists, and, moreover, resides in this metropolis.

Another complete and well-deserved success was achieved by M. Charles Hallé, whose performance of Beethoven's incomparable concerto in E flat was an exhibition of pianoforte playing of the very highest class. This great pianist first came to England in 1844. He did not appear, however, at the Philharmonic Concerts until 1852 (eight years afterwards), and would probably not have appeared then but for the repeated admonitions of the press, which put the subscribers on the *qui vive*, and forced the tardy directors to give M. Hallé a chance that so many players of mediocre talent had, for special reasons, been allowed to enjoy. Better late than never. M. Hallé's superb reading and execution, on Monday night, of Beethoven's longest and most difficult concerto, and the profound sensation it created—although, owing to the unusual length of the programme, he did not come forward till very late in the evening,—justify us in referring to the remonstrances we have felt it our duty to address to the directors of the Philharmonic Concerts, who, year after year, while M. Hallé was delighting the audiences of the Musical Union by his performances of the works of the great "classical" composers, obstinately persisted in depriving their own subscribers of the advantage of hearing him. At the eleventh hour, M. Hallé was invited to the Philharmonic Concerts (having already appeared almost everywhere else, even in Manchester, Liverpool, and Dublin); and his success was so great in 1852, that he was again invited in 1853. What will be the issue of Monday night's performance may be readily guessed. The subscribers have twice listened to M. Hallé, and twice paid a just tribute to his merits. It is unlikely, therefore, that any special reason can henceforward prevent his appearance in the Philharmonic orchestra being an annual event. Mr. Costa took every pains with the two concertos,

but not with equally good results. The accompaniments in that of Herr Molique (delicacy excepted) went very well; those in Beethoven's very ill. The war march of the Levites, from *Athalie*, was played with the best effect, and made a stirring climax to this really fine concert.

The vocal music was all unexceptionable, but not all well sung. Spohr's fine duet (from *Der Berggeist*), was the most satisfactory; the *aria* from the same composer's *Jessonda* (in which, by the way, Herr Staudigl, many years ago, was first heard in London), the most interesting performance. Of the *scena* of Mozart, and the recitative and *aria* of Crescentini, the less said the better.

Dramatic.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—On Monday last, two remarkable events took place at this house, both of which had been looked forward to with some degree of curiosity,—the *début* of Mademoiselle Madeleine Brohan, and the production of Scribe and Legouvé's comedy, *Les Contes de la Reine de Navarre*. It must be remembered that it was in this piece that Madlle. Brohan first appeared before a Parisian audience, and conquered at once that high position which is not unfrequently the result of many years of study and perseverance; her triumph was complete, all the Parisians were mad with excitement, and even the *feuilletonistes* could scarcely find words to express their enthusiastic raptures. A coquette, a coquette! we have among us a coquette, exclaimed the witty Jules Janin, and all Paris took up the cry, and rejoiced at having found this *rara avis*, on the stage, of course. We may now judge for ourselves how far this enthusiasm was legitimate, and this we shall proceed to do after we have given a few words to the piece. In all our experience we may safely say that we have never seen so long a piece constructed out of such slight materials. The pith of the story lies in a nutshell, being the voyage of Marguerite de Valois to Madrid, in order to intercede for the deliverance of her brother, Francis the First, taken a prisoner by Charles the Fifth, at the battle of Pavia. There is, moreover, a succession of intrigues and counter-intrigues, and various under-plots, in which a minister is in love with, and is beloved by, the Infanta of Portugal, who is affianced to Charles; the said minister having also an intrigue with the wife of a one-eyed courier of his majesty, this courier being horribly jealous of his wife, the sister of Charles, Eleonora, who is in love with Francis, and who consoles him in his prison by a thousand delicate attentions, of which women alone possess the secret; the emperor himself in love with Marguerite, *la Marguerite des Marguerites*, the pearl of pearls, whose seduction even he cannot withstand; Henri d'Albret, afterwards king of Navarre, who is in love with Marguerite also, and is beloved by her in return—such a complication of passion and intrigue as was never before witnessed, and yet not making up in the aggregate one good, sound, sterling sentiment, not worth one true and noble idea honestly conceived, or truthfully elaborated. Such is the piece, tame to a fault, complex and intricate in the highest degree, with scarcely a good dramatic situation in it, if we except the prison scene, in which Margaret induces her brother to forego his resolution of starving himself; and the conference between the rival monarchs, although, by the way, the latter was not free from clap-trap and rhodomontade, of questionable taste on the part of Francis, about his love of honour, and devotion to his country, when we are well aware

all the while that the very man who talks so big of his devotion to France, and his chivalrous honour—he who exclaimed after the loss of the battle of Pavia, that all was lost *for l'honneur*, had no sooner set his foot on the soil of France than he broke his promises and solemn engagements, perjured his honour, and again involved his country in a long and ruinous war. This display of the chivalry of Francis is therefore too transparent to command our unqualified admiration, and the effect was not what it would have been under different circumstances. This was, however, the one great effect of the evening, the house warmed into something like enthusiasm, and the actors were recalled on the fall of the curtain. Of course, at the close of the play all the parties are made happy, Charles marries his sister to Francis, who regains his liberty, abandoning Italy and the Netherlands to his rival; Marguerite marries Henri d'Albret, who becomes King of Navarre; and the King of Spain marries the Portuguese princess. Such are the materials worked up into five acts, a piece participating more of a *Nouvelle* by Boccaccio, or one of Margaret's own stories in the *Heptameron*, or of one of Monsieur de Musset's proverbs, than of a genteel comedy by the author of *Bertrand et Raton* and *La Camaraderie*. As regards the actors we must admit that the parts were all well filled, and that much pains had been taken to render the *ensemble* as effective as possible. Of Madlle. Madeleine Brohan we can scarcely give a definitive opinion until we see her in a better part. She seems to us possessed of decided talent for the line which she has chosen—the coquettes of genteel comedy; her voice is rich, full, and melodious; she carries conviction in her accents, and her manner is peculiarly winning and graceful. She is sparing of gesture, and treads the stage with becoming dignity and ease, neither is she wanting in warmth of expression or feminine sensibility. The combination of these qualities marks an actress of undoubted ability and of superior acquirements, and such we take Mademoiselle Brohan to be, in spite of the disadvantages under which she laboured in this piece of Monsieur Legouvé's, for we fail to recognise the master-hand of Scribe. Her interview with her brother was a rare sample of gentle affection and winning cajolery, and her avowal of her love for Henri d'Albret was marked by deep-felt although contained feeling. Mademoiselle Brohan was recalled at the end of the play, and loudly cheered by a crowded and select house; we are persuaded that she must feel gratified at being thus appreciated, and that another trial will confirm the opinion we have expressed. The part of Francis is a small one, but it was made highly interesting by M. Lafont, who looked as if he had stepped forth from the canvass, painted by Leonardo da Vinci. We were not prepared for the energy which he displayed in the interview with Charles; without the slightest approach to exaggeration, it was dignified, chivalrous, and forcible. M. St. Marie played the part of the King of Spain, and M. Léon that of the future King of Navarre, with considerable tact.

MR. AGUILAR'S CONCERT.

The annual concert of Mr. Aguilar, one of our most esteemed pianists and composers, took place on Wednesday night, in the Hanover-square Rooms, before a very crowded audience. The programme was, as usual, extremely attractive. The most interesting features were Mr. Aguilar's own performances. Besides Spohr's quintet in C minor (in which

he was assisted by Messrs. Pratten, Lazarus, Baumann, and Jarrett, on the flute, clarinet, bassoon, and horn), Mendelssohn's *Andante* and *Rondo Capriccioso* in E minor, and a *fantasia* on a popular air from *Fra Diavolo*, Mr. Aguilar introduced a new trio of his own composition, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, which was executed, in first-rate style, by MM. Vieuxtemps, Hausmann, and the author. The trio, in the key of G minor, is the work of a thorough musician. More than this, it betrays a marked progress, not only in facility, but in sentiment and general conception. By his orchestral overture, *Alpheus*, his symphony in E minor, and other works, Mr. Aguilar had already given evidence of more than ordinary talent in the higher branches of composition; and each new effort of importance from his pen encourages the belief that the promise betrayed in his earlier essays will be completely realized. In every movement of Mr. Aguilar's new trio, ideas and passages occur which declare a strong originality of thought, and a zealous desire to avoid the commonplace forms of expression. The pianoforte part, brilliant and elaborate, served to display the composer's accomplishments as a pianist to great advantage, and the work was received with such favour as is rarely accorded, under any circumstances, to a mere *pièce de circonstance*.

The other attractions of the concert comprised vocal music, by Mdle. Anna Zerr (who was encored with unanimity in two of her most popular songs), Mde. Maria Doria, Herr Hœzel (deservedly popular as a singer of German *lieder*, for bass or barytone) and Herr Reichart. The last-named gentleman, besides giving an air from *Zauberflöte* in musicianly style, sang a graceful *lied* by Abt, "Du bist mein Traum" (cleverly accompanied on the violoncello by Mr. Hausmann), in a manner which gained and merited the warmest applause. Mr. Regondi played a solo on the concertina, and M. Vieuxtemps (who was accompanied on the pianoforte, with wonderful exactitude, by a lady who was anonymous) executed his own almost impossible fantasia on *I Lombardi*, with a tone and mechanism that could not be surpassed. Messrs. Frank Mori and Kuechler accompanied the vocal music with ability.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON MUSIC.

(From the Manchester Courier.)

THE Chancellor presents us, under this head, with a kind of Budget Polka, and may be called the "Harmonious Blacksmith" of budgeteers, inasmuch as he proposes to fill with harmony that *officina* of discords, the Custom House. For the future, you are to pay on your musical snuff-boxes imported, so much an air, and if you have a taste for "overtures, or extra accompaniments," you are to pay so much more. In order to decide what is an "overture," and what an "extra accompaniment," it will be absolutely requisite to instal a trained professor of music at each Custom House. The duties proposed are as follow:—

		s.	d.
Musical boxes, <i>small</i> , not exceeding four inches in length, the air	0	3	
Ditto, <i>large</i>	0	8	
Overtures, or extra accompaniments	2	6	
* * * * *			
Accordions, commonly called Chinese, the 100 notes	1	0	

We submit, with great deference to Mr. Gladstone, that

the above tariff will puzzle even the indispensable professors of music. On "overtures" he proposes to charge two shillings and sixpence a-piece, whilst you may possess yourself of separate airs at threepence each. We contend that there is great danger of confusion here; for example, take Rossini's overture to *William Tell*. It contains, say, four airs, which at 3d. each would come to one shilling. Are you to charge the importer by the "overture," or by the "air?" If the former, he pays his half-crown; if the latter, his shilling. Of course, he would like to be assessed by the "air," but has not the charger of the duty the power to charge for both? Then there is another difficulty. In the score for the full band, throughout the overture, in various places, here and there some instruments "accompany" others. In order to make the compositions for the musical boxes as full and complete as possible, the man who pegs the barrels gets in as much of these accompaniments as he can. Is the purchaser to be charged half-a-crown for each "extra accompaniment?" If he is, all we need say is, that a box which has the misfortune to play, say six overtures, with their "airs" and "extra accompaniments," such as *William Tell*, *The Barber of Seville*, *Don Juan*, *Semiramide*, *Figaro*, and *La Sonnambula*, will be a desperately expensive affair. Chinese accordions are to be charged by the note—as walnuts are sold in the streets during autumn—"a shilling a hundred." Does this include semitones, that is to say, "sharps and flats," as well as "naturals?" We presume it does, and in that case an expert musician, by going through the different keys, may absolutely charge the same "note" many times over. Then there is danger of the revenue being robbed, for, as every musician knows, G sharp is A flat, the only distinction being that the note is differently named according to the key in which it is placed. We just name these things in order to show that an ignorant or a crochety official at a Custom-house might, in the musical department of Mr. Gladstone's "great scheme," produce great discord and great injustice.

Foreign.

BOSTON.—ALBONI.—The great contralto brought her brief season of nine nights to a brilliant close last evening; only instead of fulfilling the promise of the exquisite and (to a Boston audience) almost new *Don Pasquale*, she appeared in the best portions of two of the roles which she has made peculiarly her own, namely, the last acts of the *Sonnambula* and the *Figlia*. The three preceding performances developed a versatility of talent, dramatic as well as vocal, which we should judge exceeded even the tradition that we had of the Alboni.

On Friday, of last week, the *Daughter of the Regiment* was presented with more spirit even than before. Gentle Sangiovanni even mustered courage and put some vitality into the sweetness of his voice, while the prima donna was in admirable voice and absolutely revelled in the music and the frolic of a part which she appears to take to, *con amore*.

How changed her role on Monday! In *Norma* Alboni astonished us. We despaired of ever greatly enjoying the opera of *Norma*; it always has seemed sweetish, monotonous, and intolerably long. But this time we can really say that we enjoyed it. The whole play seemed newly animated; for once we seemed to realise in some degree the tradition of *Norma*, as the classical, lyric drama, *par excellence*, of the Italian stage;

while Alboni came out a new development, quite beyond the European tradition of her. In no part has she looked so well; her ponderous figure does not necessarily contradict the idea of an imposing woman, a priestess, a mother too, and of a savage northern race. Then she was dressed finely, and for all the world, looked, as she first appeared in the back of the stage, as did Tedesco, in the same part, in the first visit of the Havana troupe. Her action throughout was dignified, sustained, appropriate; not so intense and furiously vindictive as some would have the injured priestess; but with more of the human and the motherly temper in it; for indeed that buxom form and rosy face, and those merry, sensuous eyes could hardly assume the tragic; and yet she did it to such a degree that, as a whole, her *Norma* seemed consistent and not out of character, —indeed far more in character than any *Norma* we remember on our stage (the Grisi, &c., we have never seen). And, we would ask, was not Alboni's *Norma* eminently in unison with Bellini's music? As to the singing, it was most lusciously, superbly, exquisitely rendered. What mattered the transposing of a few high notes, or the taking of the second voice in the duet with Adalgisa? Running mostly in thirds, the second there is quite as interesting as the first, and it was the large, voluptuous, impassioned low tones throughout that lent such nobility and richness to Alboni's *Norma*. In the trio, where she denounces Pollio, her tones, her action were alike thrillingly dramatic, and there was consummate representation of pathos in the tragic final scene. Her voice verily may be said "to have a tear in it."

Mme. Siedenburg makes a very respectable Adalgisa. She sang the music sweetly and truly, and her soprano told both clearly and expressively in the upper part of the duet. Vietti and Coletti did the parts of Pollio and Oroveso fairly; while orchestra and chorus were in better trim than usual.

Wednesday.—Albani entered into the arch part of Rosina with much interest. The luxurious melody of *Il Barbiere*, all in Rossini's happier and most inventive vein,—all such a feast to the ear, even if you listen only to the orchestra, could not suffer in the voice and execution of the world's great contralto. In all those charming concerted pieces, the rich melody of her tones flowed quietly in, enriching, fertilizing all. The variations, by Hummel, which she introduced in the music lesson, were the very perfection of all ease and grace as sensuous melody. The *Zitti, zitti* trio was a daintier bit than ever. Coletti made a fair Figaro; the same of Barilli's Don Basilio. Sangiovanni's sweet tenor ran smoothly through the warm and florid melody of his part. Rovere's Dr. Bartolo was decidedly clever.—*Dwight's Boston Journal*, March 12.

BERLIN.—At the fourth concert for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph Institution, a quartett by Haydn, a hymn by Mendelssohn, and an "Adoramus" by Bortniansky were performed. Madame Koster sang several songs by Schubert, and a beautiful song by Beethoven, "Der Wachtelschlag," "List to the quail," which was encored. By note in the programme, we learn that Beethoven was so taken with the beauty of the poem, which then had no author's name, that he set it to music and the song proved highly successful. The poet's name was Sauter, of Kehingen, (Duchy of Baden,) who learnt, full twenty years after Beethoven's death, the honour that had been done to his poetic effusion. A lady belonging to one of the highest families in Berlin, is occupied in composing a two-act opera, of which Geibel has furnished the poem. A talented pupil of Liszt, Herr Winterberger, has placed himself in Berlin, under the tuition of the Conservatoire; for composition under Herr Marx; for the organ, under Herr Hauptmann; and for the piano, under Dr. Theodore Kullak. Mdle. Johanna Wagner

continues a great attraction at the Opera-house, in Berlin, as Fides in the *Prophete*. Next to her Demlle. Trietsch, (as Bertha,) obtains the honour of being called before the curtain.

MODENA.—Mlle. Kathinka Evers has lately been performing in some acts of "*Otello*, and *Roberto il Diavolo*," chosen for her benefit, with very great success. Mlle. Evers is now considered one of the most popular vocalists in Italy.

VIENNA.—The well known composer, "*Aloys Fuchs*," died on the 20th of March last, at the age of fifty-four.

DESSAU.—At the close of our theatre season, the *Prophete* was given, in which Herr Ander was triumphantly successful. On the 29th of March, Demlle. Agnes Bury, from Dresden, obtained deservedly the enthusiasm of the public, in Donizetti's *Lucia*, to the highest pitch. Voice and school, declamation and acting, seem to have united into a perfect whole in this young artiste.

Original Correspondence.

COSTA, v. W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Sir,—Your remarks on the Costa affair has "pleased me mightily," as Mr. Pepys would have said; indeed, I think you cannot lash too severely.

If the Philharmonic is dependent for its position on M. Costa, the sooner it is dissolved the better. I have yet to learn that a conductor, able though he be, is entitled to rank higher or take precedence of a composer, and that one a Sterndale Bennett.

What a set of nincompoops the Directors of the Philharmonic must be! save and except the redoubtable Mr. Costa. Arabella Goddard (all honour to her name,) is, however, wiser than all, and proved herself the intrepid champion of "fair play and no favour."

The programme you have submitted to the next Philharmonic, is still capable of further amendment, indeed, I am inclined to doubt whether it would be right and proper for the great conductor to take precedence of Her Majesty. I therefore, venture to suggest the following:—

Philharmonic Concerts.

Under the immediate Patronage of
Her Majesty the Queen,
His Royal Highness Prince Albert,
&c., &c.

Conductor, M. Costa.

The fifth Concert will take place on Monday, May 23rd, 1853.
To commence at 8 o'clock.

N.B. Programmes of the performance may be had at the doors.
Signed on behalf of the Directors,

M. Costa.

By the plan I propose, all future disappointments would be prevented, and the conductor would be at liberty to alter and change the performance up to the very last moment. Besides, a considerable saving would be effected in the future announcements by adopting my suggestion—what! eh! why I see it is already anticipated—(Reads)

St. George's Hall, Bradford,

The opening of this Hall will take place on the 31st of August, and 1st and 2nd of September next, with a Musical Festival, under the Patronage of Her Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, &c., &c.

M. Costa, Conductor,

By order, S. Smith, Manager,
Chairman of the Committee.

Bradford, York, April 20th. 1853.

Now this is a sensible advertisement, and I beg to congratulate the worthy Chairman, (who I have long known as a keen observer of men and things) on his sagacity.

Conductor, Mr. Costa,

Nothing further is needed, as I believe it will be the first appearance of the immortal Costa amongst the wool combers at "Brad-

forth." I doubt not, they will rush from the four cardinal points to see the modern Musical Phoenix; wondering, as they are drawn into the vortex, which music will be performed, and whether there will be any one else besides

M. Costa.

In creating a *Musical Ogre*, let us take care we do not raise up a counterpart of a railway ogre, (sometimes called a king) who swallowed Directors, Committees of Management, *et hoc genus*, in his capacious maw, and fed upon the vitals of those who gave him birth.

I am, Sir, Yours

"A DICKY SAM."

Liverpool, May 3rd, 1853.

ORGAN COMMITTEES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.)

Manchester, 4th May, 1853.

Sir,—Having read a letter in your paper of the 30th ult., entitled "Organ Committees," containing two instances of illiberality and intolerance towards Organists, I am induced to send you the particulars of another case which has just occurred, in connection with one of the suburban churches of this city.

The organist, a gentleman of high attainments, and well known to the musical world here, but of limited means, and having a family to support, recently obtained a pupil for the study of the organ.

A short time ago this young gentleman went to the church to which I refer, on a Saturday evening, for the purpose of an hour's practice there. He was met at the door of the church by one of the churchwardens, who, with much intemperance of language, refused to allow him entrance, saying, he would not have the sacred edifice made into a theatrical orchestra! and threatening, if he ever came there again on the same errand, to have him placed in the custody of a policeman! The young gentleman immediately left the church, not being aware how far this official was justified in this arbitrary exercise of his authority.

Now, Sir, if this gentleman had the power to do this, can there be more than one opinion as to the exceedingly tyrannical exercise of it, or of the very ungentlemanly and uncourteous manner in which it was done. In every instance with which I am acquainted, the organist has the privilege of using the organ for the purposes of his pupils, and in some cases, this privilege is a source of very considerable income.

Every member of the profession is interested in this matter, and I trust that they will take steps to secure themselves in the possession of this privilege, free from the impertinent interference of some of those "dress'd in a little brief authority."

I should scarcely have asked you to make this statement public, but that this is not by several the first instance of this gentleman's tyrannical and improper behaviour to those over whom his authority extends.

I enclose you my name and address, which you are at liberty to give to any person who may interest themselves in this matter.

I have no doubt that your "own correspondent" here, will be able to corroborate this statement, as, from his residence in the neighbourhood to which I refer, he will probably have heard of the circumstances.

I remain, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,
MUSICO.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS AND THE RE-UNION DES ARTS.

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

May 5th, 1853.

SIR,—Last season I received invitations to the *Re-union des Arts*, which I could not attend. Being well acquainted with the directors, I took the liberty to call in last night, after an excellent concert given by Mr. Aguilar, and got in time to see Mr. Ella figuring off in a waltz. I spoke to two of the directors, who were

most polite to me. All of a sudden, the tall Mr. Kiallmark stood before me, and with a countenance full of indignation, and hands behind him, asked me if I had received an admission ticket? I told him I had not for that night; to which he loudly and strongly replied, "then you have no right here, and you must go out." I felt like a thief in the hands of a policeman, and on struggling to make a suitable answer, said "I never was turned out of a house in my life." Do you think that such a man as Spohr, would act as you do to me? "No," said I, "because he is a musician." Mr. Kiallmark, in answer, said "you have no more right here than you have in my house." I replied, "I have often been invited to the Reunion des Arts, and considered it a sufficient introduction, but had I known that the regulations were so severe I should not have come."

Admitting that I had no right to be there, I think no true artist should insult men in a public room, and the lateness of the hour might have deterred the most stringent director from exercising his vast authority. Mr. Kiallmark is a well-known teacher of music, but I neither envy him his musical knowledge, nor his public manners, and if his were a fair specimen of British civility among musicians, I should not be disposed to fraternise with them, for I shun all unpolite society. It is a sad stigma on so divine an art as music, that even the most industrious and ardent professors of it cannot be shielded from abuse. True artists require little of that sinister thing called etiquette, though they strictly observe the rules of hospitality and politeness. I do not even think Mr. Kiallmark's rank in the profession justified his attacking me, at least he would most strictly avoid doing so on the science he professes in any public place: but could he do this, he would not have done the other, because unjealous, scientific-minded men are always glad to meet each other! Directors of the Arts should not perform the duties of policemen, unless, perhaps, ruffians attack their divine recreations!

I am, SIR, yours, obliged,

FRENCH FLOWERS.

Keppel Street, Russell Square.

M. REICHERT.

Jullien, late in his tour in Belgium, heard M. Reichert, the Belgian flautist of the band of the *Guides*. He was struck with the Belgian flautist, and incontinently offered him an engagement to go with him to America. Whereupon M. Reichert applied at head quarters, obtained his *congé*, signed the ratification with Jullien, and came to London, preparatory to his transatlantic trip. M. Reichert, the Belgian flautist, is now in London.

We have heard M. Reichert on the flute. He played fantasias, airs *varié*, solos, and fancy pieces. His mechanism is truly marvellous, his intonation perfect, his style of all kinds. He is also a strong player. His forte, however, lies in mastering difficulties. In this respect, he perhaps surpasses all the flute-players we have yet heard. In double-tonguing he is equally astonishing, and his imitation of two flutes, to say the least of it, is quite puzzling. Jullien has been most fortunate in discovering an artist of such extraordinary talent as M. Reichert, who, by the way, comes from the same band as M. Wuille, the celebrated clarionetist. That M. Reichert is destined to become as popular as M. Wuille, we have no doubt, since his qualifications are of the highest order, and such as have only to be heard to be appreciated. M. Reichert must become one of the celebrities of Jullien's orchestra.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *Puritani* was repeated for the second time. Mario sang better than on the first night, and Madame Bosio was no less excellent than on her first essay. The opera passed off with much *éclat*, and the house was intolerably full.

Donizetti's serious opera, *Maria di Rohan*, on Tuesday night, introduced two new *debutantes*—Mademoiselle Albini as Maria, and Mademoiselle Nantier Didiée as Armando di Gondi. The former is an artiste of inconsiderable pretensions. She has a pleasing face and a pleasing voice, but expression is wanting in both, and her tragic talents are below mediocrity. Her singing is occasionally striking for its brilliancy, and the quality of the voice is for the most part agreeable; but Mademoiselle Albini is completely out of her line in such a part as Maria, and the management did not display its usual tact in submitting the lady to such an ordeal. It is a pity—Ronconi and the drama considered—that no first-rate artist will condescend to undertake the part of Maria. Though the situations are so fine, and the character itself is prominent and boldly drawn, the music is of the weakest and most ineffective, and would require a Grisi or a Crivelli to render it acceptable. Mademoiselle Albini is a long way off from Grisi or Crivelli, but still we think justice and fair play demand they should have another trial—but not in high tragedy—perhaps not even in the serious line at all—but something in the *semi-seria*, leaving her two chances to creep through.

Mademoiselle Nantier Didiée—the new contralto—is no contralto at all. She has a good resonant mezzo soprano voice, and is a practised singer and up to all the business and traditions of the stage. Self possession is one of the marked characteristics of Mademoiselle Nantier Didiée. If Mademoiselle Nantier Didiée fail in producing her best effects, it will certainly not be for want of confidence. The new lady was decidedly successful and justly so. She sang well and acted manfully, as it were, and did everything required of her in a satisfactory and creditable manner. If she did not enchant, she pleased. If she displayed no genius, she showed skill and schooling. So much for the new contralto—who is no contralto.

Enrico, Duke of Chevreuse, is a great part, and the great Ronconi was as great as ever in this, one of his most transcendent performances. We like not going over the same ground again, or we should—as we have done heretofore—write a eulogistic essay on the Enrico of Ronconi, which we consider one of the finest pieces of acting of modern times. Enough to say, the audience was wrapt throughout, and thrilled at the end, and that Donizetti's indifferent music and Madlle. Albini's indifferent singing and acting were entirely overlooked.

Tamberlik played the uncomfortable Chalais—a part entirely unworthy of Tamberlik—with a force and energy that redeemed it from its uncomfortableness and its unworthiness. In the duet with Chevreuse in the last scene, even Ronconi could not throw him into the shade. We do not think the opera will be repeated again; and this is to be lamented, seeing that Ronconi's greatest part is Enrico in *Maria di Rohan*.

The first performance of *Lucrezia Borgia* on Thursday night attracted the fullest attendance of the season. Grisi and Mario for the first time in combination were loadstars too powerful to be resisted. Although an extra night, the boxes were lined with a brilliant assemblage of rank and fashion—for a list of which *vide the Morning Post*—and the stalls, pit, amphitheatre and gallery were crammed to suffocation—there was in fact no room to be suffocated.

Lucrezia Borgia we have always considered to be one of Grisi's very finest parts,—perhaps her very finest. This glorious artist is greater when the tragic passions are in-

woven with the softer and more feminine emotions, indicating that her peculiar power lies in realizing mixed feelings, rather than in sustaining, like Pasta, a single passion, undiversified to the end. For this reason Grisi is pre-eminently grand in Lucrezia Borgia, and her genius therein has its fullest and most home scope for its broadest display. Every phase of the character, on Thursday night, was rendered with life-like reality, and the whole was wrought into a picture of intense beauty and truthfulness. Nor was Grisi herself in the acting only. She sang splendidly and was in fine voice, so that they who heard her that night, if they had not heard her previously—but who has not heard Grisi?—were fortunate indeed in hitting upon a time when she was in the very height of her force and magnificence.

Alfonso is a congenial part for Ronconi—congenial in its subtlety, its Italian malignity, its cold-bloodedness, its fiendish exultation. The trio and duet in the second act, displayed his tragic powers in the most brilliant—no, the term “brilliant” would not be true to the character or its descriptiveness—in the most dark-dazzling light. While it dazzled us it was dark itself, like unto a black diamond, the lustre whereof is intense. Nothing could surpass Ronconi’s acting in this awful scene. It was worthy of his own reputation. Could we pay him a higher compliment? No! Therefore we shall not try.

But what of Mario? What shall we say of Mario? What shall we say of Mario on Thursday night? Why, that he, who surpasses all the tenors who ever reigned and ruled in song, surpassed himself. Yes, hear then, all ye who heard that Mario was losing his voice! Hear then, all ye who feared Mario was losing his voice; hear and learn, that Mario was in finer voice than we have heard him for years on Thursday night! His singing always transcendent, was transcendent on Thursday night. His acting, always transcendent—we mean of late years—was transcendent on Thursday night; but his voice, not always transcendent—since for two or three seasons past, he was suffering from some slight affection of the epiglottis—was transcendent on Thursday night. Yes, hear it, all ye admirers of the glorious tenor, your name is legion! Mario’s voice is as fresh, as limpid, as penetrating—more penetrating—as sympathetic—more sympathetic—as touching, and as powerful as ever. His singing and acting on Thursday night literally defy description. He was consummately great from the very commencement, and in his death-scene, might have challenged comparisons with Macready himself. To say, then, that Mario produced a *furor*, is to say what was inevitable. He was recalled twice after the two first acts, and thrice with Grisi at the end. Thursday night was a glorious night for the Royal Italian Opera. Mario is himself again!!!

Mademoiselle Nantier Didiée, of course, was the Maffeo Orsini, and made a favourable impression. The audience were most indulgent, applauded her in her first song, and encored her in the famous Brindisi, which she sang carefully and with good utterance. But it was not to be expected that Mademoiselle Nantier Didiée should shine with three such luminaries of the first magnitude as Grisi, Mario, and Ronconi. Nevertheless, it must be recorded that Mademoiselle Nantier Didiée came on at the end of the opera, when a general call was made for Ronconi, who did not come on.

Lucrezia Borgia to night! Good!

HERZ REICHAERT, the vocalist, has arrived in London, after having had a most successful season in Hamburg.

Reviews of Music.

“THE VALERIE POLKA.”—Dedicated to Lord Gerald Fitzgerald.—B. Godfrey.—Jullien.

This Polka shows that the son of the spirited director of the band of the Coldstream Guards possesses an agreeable flow of melody, and a happy notion of Terpsichorean rhythm. It is a long time since we have received so lively and animated a specimen of the lighter order of dance-music. The first theme, in F, catches the ear at once, and the memory retains it pertinaciously. The first *trio*, in B flat, is equally happy; while the second, in E flat, offers an excellent chance of distinction to even an amateur of the cornet-a-pistons, since it is no less easy than pretty. The Valerie Polka is published with, or without, the *obligato* cornet part, which may be played equally well on the pianoforte. We have seen the score, made expressly for the band of the Coldstream Guards, and are pleased to recognise in the son the same knowledge of the capabilities of instruments, and the same taste in combining them, for which Mr. Godfrey, Sen., has long been distinguished.

“THE SYDENHAM POLKA.”—Composed, and dedicated to Sir Joseph Paxton, by P. Ezekiel. R. W. Olivier.

Mr. Ezekiel’s Polka will not shock the ears of its hearers by any unexpected turns of phrase, or novel combinations of harmony. Although in some places it bears a faint resemblance to Jullien’s “Original Polka,” it has not the faintest chance of being compared to Jullien’s “Original Polka” in originality. Nevertheless it is lively, catching, easy, provided with an effective cornet solo, and is in the brilliant key of E—each and all of which qualities will give it a chance of a good sale, if not of a lasting popularity.

“YOU ASK ME WHY I SIGH.”—Ballad—Written and composed by Miss Burgoyne. Leader & Cook.

“You Ask Me Why I Sigh” is a sentimental ballad, but not one of the mawkish school of sentimental ballads. Both words and music are studiously simple; while beneath the simplicity lurks a grace peculiarly feminine, and, need we say, peculiarly attractive. Miss Burgoyne is, we believe, an accomplished amateur. The correctness with which her accompaniments are written indicates her musical knowledge, while the unaffected elegance of the melody proclaims her taste and feeling in a manner equally unanswerable. “You ask me why I sigh” is worth the attention of our concert ballad singers.

“MORNING AND EVENING SERVICE, FOR CATHEDRAL AND PAROCHIAL USE.”—By Edward Thurnam. Robert Cocks & Co.

The author of these services is organist of Reigate church. That he is a cultivated musician, is evident in almost every page of the work, which comprises the “Te Deum,” “Jubilate,” “Kyrie Eleison,” “Sanctus,” “Introit,” “Cantate Domine,” and “Nunc Dimittis.” Mr. Thurnam is rich in harmonic combinations, somewhat profuse in modulation (*vide* the “Te Deum,” which goes into many keys in a short space), clever at imitations in the simplest form, and understands part-writing for voices thoroughly. Of this last, the quartet in B flat, page 9), “O Lord save thy People,” and the whole of the “Jubilate,” (page 16 to 21,) are favourable examples. We need not enter further into the merits of the morning and evening exercises of Mr. Thurnam. It is enough to have commended them in general terms, and to have enumerated the good qualities of the composer—who, by this work, has added a valuable contribution to our church music.

POND’S EVENING CONCERT, GREENWICH.—An evening concert will be given at the Lecture Hall, Greenwich, on Monday evening next, which bids fair to prove attractive. It commences at half-past seven. Amongst the *artistes* engaged are Mr. George Tedder, Miss Lizzy Stuart, the Misses Brougham, Rose Braham, &c. Madame de Barry will perform two favourite *fantasies* on one of Kirkman’s pianofortes.

POETRY.

SONG OF SOME DIRECTORS OF THE PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

(A fancy sketch.)

Oh! no we never mention him,
His name is never heard,
Our lips are now forbade to speak
That once familiar word.

From Spohr to Spohr they hurry us,
To banish our regret,
And when they gain our faint applause
They think that *we forget*.

They bid us seek in Molique's piece,
Some substitute for those,
Which Bennett (tho' an Englishman,)
Alone can now compose.

Yet, spite of all the adverse winds
Rais'd by King Costa's set,
A gentle and a country-man
We never should forget.

THE ARTIST'S MISSION.

To plunge into the depths of time, with fearless scan,
And boldly snatch the diamond from its mine;
To lift the gaudy covering from pretence,
And hold it up to day:
To burst the imprisoning cerements from mind,
And nurse a great idea into life;
To work.

Priest! thou workest to lift the eye
To faith and worship!
From the cradle to the grave thou helpest
The stumbling feet of weak humanity!
Most sacred is *thy* mission!
Most sublime; till thought is lost in awe!
Historian!

Calm chronicler of gigantic crimes,
And fiercest passions, desolations, ruins,
With here and there a ray most grand—
An heroic action!
Pass on with thy martial music,
Kindling into life that holy word—patriotism!
Moralist!

With thy sad, grave face!
A reverend mission thine,
The solemn music of promise
Soothe thy soul into calm expectation!
Author!

A many-sided world is thine,
Of grave duties, thankless offices, bright passages;
A world of infinite variety;
Be content—*thy* mission is divine—
Thou commandest the whole opera of life—
Its complicated harmonies evolve into music
At thy command!
Dramatist!

In living individuality thy thoughts appear!
Great master of the human heart,
We bow to thee!

Actor, Actress!
"Living, breathing poetry," do ye enact!
The full lyre of feeling in vivid life,
Is yours at command.

Play your parts well,
And show nature to convention!
Singer!
Possessor of nature's choicest gift,

Music's self alone can sing of thee!
And ye lesser stars, who contribute
Your quota to "the drama of life,"
Take courage!
The sweetest flowers oft dwell in shady nooks;
The smallest note unplayed would mar the symphony.

A-B-A O-T-Y.

Provincial.

DEPTFORD.—Miss Elder and Miss Warman gave an evening Concert on Monday last, in the Lecture Hall of the Literary Institution, upon which occasion the following artists were engaged:—Miss Stabbach and Miss Rose Braham, Mr. George Tedder, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Henry Phillips; Concertina, Mr. George Case; Violin, Mr. W. Wilkinson. Mr. Henry Phillips was in good voice and sang as he always does, well; we might dismiss another established favourite without saying anything more of him, we allude to Mr. George Tedder, but we feel compelled to particularise the great feeling with which this gentleman sang Tom Moore's charming melody, "The Harp that once thro' Tara's Halls." Miss Rose Braham sang both sweetly and effectively a new song by Williams, entitled, "Advice to young maids who would marry," which was rapturously encored, as was also the duett, "The Cousins," in conjunction with Miss Warman. The violin solo of Mr. Wilkinson was very well played, the accompanist, Mr. Haskins, showing great tact and skill in his share of the solo. Miss Stabbach was in excellent voice, and delighted her hearers by the charming manner with which she gave Frank Mori's, "Twas on a Sunday morning;" her other song brought forth the power of her fine voice to great advantage. Miss Warman, a young lady of great promise, sang the song alluded to in a musician-like style, and was encored in nearly all. Miss Emily Warman sang, in conjunction with her sister, some duets which were received with much favour; this young lady has every opportunity of becoming a good vocalist if she does not attempt more than her voice is capable of doing. Mr. Case's solo, "Concertina," as is always the "Case," no pun, went well. The hall was fully attended. The Conductors were Miss Elder and Mr. Haskins who accompanied with their usual ability and taste.

LIVERPOOL.—On Tuesday last, Mrs. Hiles, in conjunction with her daughter, gave a concert in the Hall, Lord Nelson Street. Miss Hiles went through the usually difficult task of a first appearance very satisfactorily. Her voice is a contralto of rich quality and good compass; not, as has been stated, "a sort of mezzo soprano." The first song selected for her debut was but ill calculated to produce a favourable impression. The same remark will also apply to other portions of the programme. When it is considered Miss Hiles has had but little opportunity of instruction, there is no doubt, under the judicious training of an able master, she will be eventually an acquisition to our local concerts. Mrs. Hiles is a soprano, possessing considerable talent, and was much applauded in her songs and duets; in the latter she was ably assisted by her daughter. The old and favourite songs—"Should he upbraid," and "Tell me my Heart," were capitally rendered. The other portions of the concert call for no especial remark.—*Liverpool Standard*,

SHREWSBURY.—On Friday evening Messrs. George and Walter C. Hay gave the last of the Philharmonic Concerts in the Music Hall, before a numerous and fashionable audience. The concert opened with the Quartet "Lusata Ardir" of Rossini, carefully sung. This was followed by the "Dovo Sono," from *Figaro*, which introduced Madame Weiss to a Shrewsbury audience. She possesses a soprano voice clear and brilliant, particularly in her upper notes, with much compass and power. She won upon her audience as she proceeded, till at last she was greeted with a *furore* of applause. Mr. Weiss selected for his first solo the "Pro Peccatis," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. Mr. W. gave the song with intensity of feeling and perfect intonation. A German Lied was cleverly sung by Miss Henrietta Allen, (a resident,) a song re-

quiring the pathos of a Malibran. Mr. Walter Hay delighted the audience with a solo upon the Cornet-à-Pistons, in which he introduced the air, "Angel of light," which was loudly encored, when he substituted "The first violet." The German duett of Nicolai, by Madame and Mr. Weiss, was re-demanded vociferously. The second part opened with H. R. Bishop's glee, "Blow gentle gales," which was encored. In Wallace's ballad, "In happy moments," Mr. W. Hay's Cornet accompaniments were excellent. Miss Allen was not happy in her second song. Madame Weiss gave "The Irish emigrant," by Barker, and being encored, substituted, "Twas on a Sunday morning." The same lady sang Balfe's "Canteener," archly, to the amusement of the whole audience. The last piece was a song of Loder's, sung by Mr. Weiss, but though they had arrived at the end of the programme, the audience, delighted with the entertainment, lingered, and Mr. George Hay seating himself at the organ to play the National Anthem, the singers came forward and sang two verses, a large portion of the company joining. Thus ended one of the pleasantest concerts it has been our lot to attend for some time. The pianoforte accompaniments were played throughout the evening by Mr. G. E. Hay in a musician-like style.

SHEFFIELD.—(From a Correspondent.)—A concert of vocal and instrumental music was given at the *Athenæum*, on Monday evening, the 25th ultimo, at which the following artistes assisted: Miss M. Wells and Miss J. Wells, Mr. Benson. Mr. T. Hancock, (violinello,) Mr. F. B. Jewson, (pianoforte,) Mr. S. Booth presided at the pianoforte, and accompanied the songs. The following programme was gone through:—Duet, pianoforte and violinello, "Robert le Diable," Mr. Jewson and Mr. Hancock, (Chopin.)—Song, "Ida," Miss M. Wells, (Linley.)—Song, "The Garland," Mr. Benson, (Mendelssohn.)—Solo, Violoncello, Mr. Hancock.—Song, "Bid me discourse," Miss J. Wells, (Sir H. R. Bishop.)—Solo, Grand Pianoforte, Mr. Jewson, (Schuloff.)—Duet, "I would that my love," Miss M. Wells and Miss J. Wells, (Mendelssohn.)—Song, "Song should breathe of scents and flowers," Mr. Benson, (J. L. Hatton.)—Song, "Annie Laurie," Miss M. Wells, (Scotch.)—Solo, grand pianoforte, Selections, Rhapsody No. 1, Op. 5, and grand valse, "Helena," Mr. Jewson, (F. B. Jewson.)—Song, "Twas on a Sunday morning," Miss J. Wells, (Mori.)—Solo, Violoncello, Mr. Hancock.—Song, "Phyllis is my only joy," Mr. Benson, (Hobbs.)—Duet, "The Swiss Maidens," Miss M. Wells and Miss J. Wells, (Holmes.)—Finale, "God save the Queen." Mr. Jewson, who performed on one of Messrs. Broadwood's grand pianofortes, brought from London expressly for the occasion, was never in better play, his execution was perfect, and his style was greatly admired. Mr. Hancock's violoncello solos were received with great applause, and the duet with Mr. Jewson, for piano and violoncello, the composition of the celebrated Chopin, was excellently played by both gentlemen, and elicited marked approval. The vocalists all exerted themselves in a praiseworthy manner, and the concert gave entire satisfaction to a numerous audience.

SOUTHAMPTON.—A concert was given by Mr. G. Gubbins, in the Victoria Rooms on Tuesday evening. The vocalists engaged were Madame Lablache, Miss Poole, Miss Stewart, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor F. Lablache, and Mr. F. Smith. The instrumentalists were Heinrich Werner, Mr. J. L. Gubbins, and Mr. G. Gubbins. The room was crowded, and the concert went off with the greatest spirit. Mr. Sims Reeves was in splendid voice and quite enchanted his hearers, and all the other artistes exerted themselves to the utmost, and deservedly obtained the favour of the audience, which, we are happy to say, was numerous and fashionable.

BRIDGEWATER.—The first annual dinner of the Bridgewater Glee Club took place last night week at the Bridgewater Arms, Chester Road, at which place the club holds its meetings. The Club holds the same rank in Hulme as the Ardwick Glee Club in its suburb of Manchester, and, junior in date of establishment, it follows closely in its footsteps. Both have a distinct aim, apart from that possessed in common with the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club; and while all three are intended to spread a knowledge of a class of music exceedingly pleasing, they give the means of enjoying it to different classes of the community, by different arrangements

for conducting their meetings, and by the terms of admission. The Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club has a large subscription, and shows a long list of members; the other two furnish the same class of music, and at a greatly reduced rate of payment, and so places that music within the reach of many who have not the means to purchase it at a costly rate. Moreover, the two younger societies are emulous to encourage writers of the present day, who devote their attention to the production of suitable pieces. Mr. Naylor, the surveyor for Hulme, occupied the chair, and the choir composed Mr. Smith, Mr. Edmundson, Mr. Walton, and Mr. Phillips. After dinner Mr. Naylor introduced the various toasts and sentiments, in short, pithy speeches; and the responses were of the same character. Mr. S. Nicholson, hon. secretary, stated that the club numbered upwards of sixty members, and he had no doubt that, with a little energy on the part of the committee, that number might be doubled, and the second season opened with nearer 150 than 100. In emulation of the successful movement of their friends of the Ardwick Glee Club, he intended to move, at the first meeting of the committee, that they should give a prize for a glee. They had expected that Dr. Bexfield, the author of the Ardwick prize glee, would have been present, but a prior engagement prevented him. Mr. James Battye, of Huddersfield, another glee writer, had been invited, but he could not attend; he had, however, added three original glees of his own to the stock the club had; and Mr. Holding, another friend present, had contributed some. He (Mr. Nicholson) trusted that these societies, which cultivated mainly glees and madrigals, would meet with every support, and that their names might spread far and wide, until they had reached the great metropolis itself, and it became known there that there were societies in Manchester that were pushing on the knowledge of glee music by every means in their power. "Our neighbours the Ardwick Glee Club" produced a speech from Mr. Wilkinson, of that club. He hoped they would be friends, as well as neighbours, making the clubs harmonious in sentiment, as well as in that which they particularly cultivated. "Our musical conductor and vocal staff" was given from the chair, in terms of eulogy. Mr. Seed responded in a modest speech. Bexfield's prize glee, "Let us drain;" Mr. Leeson's glee, "This life is what we make it," Mr. Glover's glee, "I cannot lose thee;" and Mr. Shore's adaptation of "O Willie brewed," were all given; Mr. Leeson and Mr. Glover being present to bow their acknowledgements. Of Mr. Shore's adaptation, the Chairman related that his brother, when in Wales recently heard it sung in the language of the ancient Cymri; and on inquiry he found that a clergyman, having heard it, had been so much pleased with it, that he translated the words into Welsh, and adapted the arrangement in those particulars that required it; a compliment to a very old piece of music, and to Mr. Shore's use of it. There were several sentiments introduced, and glees and songs sung, during the evening, but we need not name them. The proceedings passed off in a pleasing manner, and the officers, when they left the party, were looking forward to an approaching season, to be distinguished by energy and prosperity.—*Manchester Courier*, April 30.

LIVERPOOL.—THE LIVERPOOL AMATEUR GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION gave their third performance on Wednesday evening, at the Great George-street Assembly Rooms, to a crowded and respectable audience. The society's conductor, Mr. Lidel, wielded the *bâton*; the solo performers were Mr. Lidel, violoncello; Mr. Percival, flute; Miss Santley, the Misses Beer, the Misses Weymiss, Miss Skinner, and Mr. C. Santley, vocalists. The accompaniments on the piano-forte were played by Mr. W. Santley. Amongst the choral pieces was "The Haymaker's Song," by Bianchi Taylor, one of the most pleasing glees we ever heard. The union gave it with admirable judgment. Mr. Lidel and Mr. Percival played solos on the violoncello and flute. Both were warmly received. Miss and Mr. C. Santley and Miss Williams sung the soli parts in the "Chough and Crow" very tastefully. The Misses Weymiss, besides taking the duet in the "Boatie Row," gave a Jacobite duet, "Who'll be king but Charlie," which they sang with spirit, and were encored. The union is entitled to great credit for the complete way in which its amateur members got up the performances; and we must not withhold our congratulation on having secured so able, indefatigable, and good.

humoured a conductor as Mr. Lidel. The next performance is fixed for the 1st of June.—*Liverpool Paper.*

HOW A HARP CAN TURN A CRITIC'S HEAD.

How a harp can turn a critic's head, may be seen by the following paper, which the *Brighton Gazette* professes to have translated from *L'Emancipateur* of April 17.

A HARPIST FROM THE COUNTRY OF OSSIAN.

"Many motives cause me to feel sympathy for the instrument on which David accompanied himself when he sang his Psalms, so full of poetry. Often in hearing artistes of fame endeavour in vain to draw expressive sounds from a piano, have I regretted that they did not employ the suppleness and activity of their fingers to draw from the harp those heavenly tones which are wanting even in the best piano from the manufactory of Erard. But fashion, the foolish prejudice to which society is always the slave, prohibits the harp and chooses the piano. Still, we have admitted the hope, under other circumstances, of a return to better taste. This return, it is true, is of slow progress; it exists, however. When, fifteen years ago, I stated advisedly, that the piano produced on me no more impression than the rattle of hail on the tiles. I was regarded as an extravagant talker. But now, scarcely a week ago, every one was of my opinion, after listening, at a harp and piano concert, first to one instrument and then to the other. 'How insipid is the piano!' exclaimed one who had heard the harp. It was alike true a week ago as it was fifteen years. But it is something when a truth exacts admission at the end of fifteen years."

"However, it is really *apropos* to a harpist from the country of Ossian that I have thought of celebrating the defeat of the piano, which I can only see in its proper place, when located in the chamber of a composer of music, or in a dancing saloon. The piano creates a desire for the ritornella, it is grasshopper-like in its nature; never does it speak to the heart, to the soul, it speaks only to the legs."

"With the harp, how different! It is made to speak to the heart, to the soul, to the mind. Was it not by means of the harmonious chords which he knew how to draw from it, that David calmed the rage of Saul? Is it not on the harp that the Seraphim sing the glory of the Most High? And if we descend from heaven to earth we shall find the bard Ossian, inspiring himself on the harp. Now I return to the heading of this article, and stick to it."

"The harpist countryman of Ossian, whom he have lately been privileged to hear, is Mr. Aptommas."

We have lopped off an enormous puff upon Aptommas—the Ossianic harpist, who has persuaded the flowery critic of the *Emancipateur*, that the harp is a better instrument than the pianoforte—since no one would be likely to read it, except Aptommas, or the author of the puff and inventor of Aptommas. Why does not the *Emancipateur* emancipate himself from his musty prejudices, and, instead of diving into the darkness of *Pennillion*, soar into the daylight of modern art instead of exulting in the twang of harps, adventure his fingers on the *clavier* of a "Broadwood;" instead of apotheosizing Aptommas, address an epigram to Alexandre Billet.—

(Enter Rommi.)

EXIT EDITOR.

Miscellaneous.

MDLLE. AGNES BURY, a vocalist of very great repute in Germany, has arrived in London. Mdle. Bury has been singing with great success at the Gewandhaus' concerts, in Leipzig, and will no doubt make a great impression in London.

MDLLE. KATHINKA EVERS, an accomplished vocalist, a native of Copenhagen, has arrived in London, accompanied by her brother, M. Charles Evers, the pianist and composer. Mdle. Evers has been singing with great success at the Scala, in Milan.

HERR STIGELLI has arrived to fulfil his engagements at the Royal Italian Opera House. Herr Stigelli has been very successful in St. Petersburg.

Mr. W. T. Best has returned to town for the season, having spent the winter in the South of Spain.

SIGNOR AND MADAME FERRARI'S CONCERT.—Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather and the disheartening heavy rain, which nothing but a powerful temptation could induce people to brave, the Hanover-square Rooms were crowded with the admirers and friends of these popular artists on Tuesday evening, and found in their reward no cause to regret having braved the night. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's charming trio, in D minor, to which Mr. Dorrell, Mr. Watson, and Signor Piatti devoted their attention with unflinching success. A brilliant duet of Herz, by Herr Pauer and Miss Coles, on the pianoforte, was deservedly applauded; and Sterndale Bennett's sonata duo, for pianoforte and violoncello, was unexceptionably performed by its distinguished composer and Signor Piatti. The solo on the violoncello, on airs from *Linda*, by the last-named artiste, was the realisation of all that could be wished for from an artiste of such attainments and such fame. With one word of no slight praise to Signor Regondi for his admirable performance on the concertina—so tame in some hands, so important an instrument in others—we must turn to the vocalists. Both Signor and Madame Ferrari might be heard with pleasure and advantage in concert rooms, much more frequently than their avocations as professors will permit. Their first duet was sung with great taste and expression, and Madame Ferrari throughout, in her solo and concerted pieces, exhibited a soprano voice of sweet quality, allied to the skill of a practised musician. Her rendering of Spohr's air, "Funesta Sorte," was justly appreciated, and she was unanimously encored in a song, with obligato accompaniment on the concertina by Signor Regondi. Miss Bassano's reading of Howard Glover's song, "Swifter far than Summer's flight"—a composition more dramatic in its character, and of a higher character than the usual run of English songs—was worthy both of herself and the music, which is finely descriptive and well adapted to Shelley's poetry; her voice also told well in two duets of H. Smart's, "The May Song" and "The Gondola," very charmingly rendered by her and Madame Ferrari. Miss Fitzwilliam also pleased much in Kücken's ballad, "What is Love," whilst Signor Ferrari, in all his songs, met with great applause, and sang a very pretty ballad, "My beloved one's fairy-like form," with considerable feeling and excellent effect. The concerted pieces were well chosen, Mr. Thorpe Peed and Mr. Pierre contributing their services in this department. Mr. Pierre also sang "Spirito Gentil." Mr. Mori and Mr. W. Dorrell conducted, and the whole concert passed off to the satisfaction of every one.—(From a Correspondent.)

BEAUMONT INSTITUTION, MILK-END.—The last concert of the season took place on Monday. There was even more than the usual amount of talent in the engagements. Madlle. Anna Zerr and Mr. Sims Reeves, Miss Messent, Miss Poole, Miss Julia Harland, Mr. Cotton, Mr. Bodda, and Herr Sommer, with his "Exhibition Sommerphone." When we reached the rooms, Mr. Cotton was singing Hatton's song, "Revenge." This vocalist, whom we do not remember to have encountered before, has a bass voice with a barytone compass, extending from the bass to the tenor F, the lower notes being the best. Besides the above song, Mr. Cotton gave the Podestà's aria, from *La Gazza Ladra*, "Il mio piano," (one of the most beautiful and expressive songs of the kind that Rossini ever wrote), and, afterwards, a new and pretty ballad, by Mr. Blewitt, "The magic of home;" in all of which Mr. Cotton acquitted himself with a taste and refinement which did him honour. Miss Messent's chief contribution was Meyerbeer's well-known "Robert, toi que j'aime." Its varied, impulsive, and dramatic expression was given by the fair vocalist with an acumen and success that elicited a general recall, to which, however, she declined to reply. By adopting a more dramatic style of singing, this lady cannot fail of making a step in advance of the graceful and modest prominence which she has hitherto so successfully held among our choir of native syrens. Miss Julia Harland is a singer of much ambition, and considerable cleverness. She sang Rossini's sparkling aria from *Barbiere* (put into an English garb, "Tyrant, soon I'll burst my chains"), with fluency and expression. Mr.

Sims Reeves declined an encore for the eternal "All is lost!" but accepted one for a song of Mr. F. Mori's, and, also, for the "Bay of Biscay." Mr. Mori's song, a romance in E minor, is a stringent and expressive version of some words of Shakspeare, and is in every respect worthy the composer's muse. And now here is the fair evening star and bright luminary of the West (end)—Anna Zerr. Such among the barbarous tribes that dwell east of Whitechapel, who have heard this lady through fame and report only, are informed that she has a soprano voice of extraordinary compass upwards, reaching to E and F with the greatest ease, and uniting the flutiness of a bird with the crisp ring of a castanet. The three songs which she sang—Mozart's bravura, "The Queen of Night," a Tyrolienne, and a German melody—were well suited to display the variety of her powers. They were each encored in a hurricane; and if this catalogue of her good parts should be deemed insufficient, the non-contents are further informed, that Mdle. Zerr is very handsome, with fine, laughing eyes, and a pair of shoulders that a Grecian nymph might envy. It was regretted in the room, which was but moderately well filled, that the concert was the last of the season, as a second appearance of this extraordinary vocalist must have brought crowds of Mile-Endians, and Whitechapelians, and other barbarous tribes of the east, to hear her. Mr. Bodda, who is seldom let off without an encore, obtained an uproarious one, for a musical dialogue between an Irishwoman and her daughter. Herr Sommers should have a mechanist for a critic. His Sommerphone is an instrument of the Ophicleide species, and gives out a volume of sound and massive tone, better suited however to the orchestra than the "drawing-room," a place which the inventor somewhat injudiciously claims for it. We must not omit Miss Poole, who, although she arrived late, contrived to help herself to a fair share of the honours, in the shape of an encore for "The Canteener," and a tribute of applause for her pleasantries in the comic duet of "The Cousins," with Miss Messent. The latter was encored also, in a duet with Mr. Sims Reeves, and in a Scotch melody. Miss Messent rarely escapes double duty, a tax with which ambition that lacks judgment, and pretension that gets the start of performance are seldom burdened. We regret to hear that the concerts have not been successful this season. They are the only serial music meetings in the city, besides those at Crosby Hall, that attract any attention; and they have certainly been conducted with the costliness and care, if not always with the sound judgment and taste which merit success.

MISS KATHLEEN FITZWILLIAM gave a Soirée Musicale, on Monday last, to a fashionable and crowded audience. The programme consisted chiefly of vocal music, there being but two instrumental pieces, viz., a caprice for piano, played by Herr Pauer in his usual effective manner, and a solo for the trombone, by Herr Nabich, which was encored. Miss Fitzwilliam may fairly take her stand as one of the most favourite ballad vocalists of the day. Her singing throughout the evening was remarkable for excellent intonation and distinct declamation, two qualifications essential to the perfect delivery of English ballads. Miss Fitzwilliam was deservedly encored in two of her songs, and in the concerted music, her musicianly knowledge was of essential service. The other vocalists were Miss Cicely Nott, Miss Lascelles, Mme. Marié Doria, Mr. Pierre, Mr. Benson, (encored in a pretty song of Hatton's), Mr. W. H. Weiss, and the last not least, Herr Staudigl, whose singing of Schubert's *Wanderer*, "In silent woe I wander by" was greatly appreciated and unanimously encored. Mr. Lindsay Sloper, and Mr. Goldbey were named as the accompanists to the vocal music.

MR. T. H. TOMLINSON'S LECTURE.—The first of a course of lectures on Ancient Music, in Clifton Road, St. John's Wood, was given by Mr. Tomlinson, on Friday evening. The lecturer commenced with an account of the state of music from the antediluvian period, and traced its origin and progress in the darker ages; he also gave several amusing anecdotes of the style of music used in savage and barbarous nations. He then traced its origin, as described in holy writ, and continued its progression until the destruction of the temple of Jerusalem; after which the principal effects attributed to the music of the ancients was amply defined, and the lecturer concluded with an account of its supposed in-

fluence in exciting or repressing the passions of the human mind. The lecture was illustrated by diagrams, and was listened to throughout with the greatest attention, and at its conclusion was marked by much applause.

SHAKSPERIAN FESTIVAL AT STRATFORD.—This year's anniversary of the natal day of the World's poet was celebrated on Wednesday in his native town, in more than the usual festive fashion. The dinners of the Shakspeare Club gave place to a "County festival," a considerable gathering of the middle and working classes, eager participants in the opportunity afforded to them of sharing in a festivity, every way appropriate, of honouring the memory of the marvellous man whose fame is every day becoming even more famous, and whose wonderful genius is being every day more universally acknowledged. From an early hour in the morning the stream of visitors flowing into the town was continuous; the Great Western Company had special trains laid on as far as Warwick, both from Birmingham and Oxford; and by eleven o'clock the town was well filled. At noon there was an assemblage in front of the poet's birth-place, where an appropriate address was delivered; subsequently they visited the church and tomb, and a poetical oration was pronounced, written for the occasion by Mr. Onseley, of Shrewsbury. In the afternoon the day's festivity was diversified by the performance of Shakspearean melodies at the hall which bears the poet's name, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Frank Mori, and other eminent artists taking part in the performance. Mr. Vandenhoff delivered an eloquent oration, reciting one or two of the most remarkable passages from the poet's works. In the evening there was another concert and dinner at the Town-hall; at the latter there were rather more than 100 gentlemen present, Mr. Benjamin Webster presiding. He was supported by Henry Hawkes, Esq., (the Mayor of Birmingham), Mr. Vandenhoff, and other gentlemen.—(*South-Eastern Gazette*, May 3rd.)

NEW BEETHOVEN ROOMS.—Mr. Holmes gave an evening concert, on Thursday last, at the above rooms, for the purpose of introducing his two sons as "violinists," to the public. The concert commenced with Haydn's quartet in B flat, exquisitely and correctly rendered by the Brothers Holmes, Mr. Webb, and Signor Piatti. Master Henry Holmes' performance of Mayseder's violin solo, "op. 40," was faultless, his execution of which was remarkable for accurate neatness, full of feeling, and admirably in tune; in fact, this first appearance augurs well for the future, and we have no hesitation in saying he will become a violinist of the first class. Beethoven's fine sonata in F major (pianoforte and violin) performed by Mrs. Frederick Crook and Mr. Alfred Holmes—a little more style and energy, will place Mr. Alfred Holmes high in the list of English violinists. His execution of Viëuxtemps' "Fantaisie caprice" was very fine. The pianoforte part to the sonata was executed by Mrs. Frederick Crook with the true taste, finish, and execution of a thorough musician, the same may be said of her solo, one of Mendelssohn's, "Lieder ohne Worte," which was received with great applause. The gem of the evening was Hummel's trio in E flat, op. 96, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, rendered by Mr. Lindsay Sloper, Master Henry Holmes, and Signor Piatti. The tempos of this trio were truly critically kept, and Master Holmes' execution, especially in the Rondo Allegro vivace, E flat, was the theme of general admiration. It is needless to speak of the other artists, Mr. Sloper and Signor Piatti—they were as they always are, magnificent. The syren sisters Brougham sang charmingly some of their favourite duets of Mendelssohn and Henry Smart. Miss Clara Holmes, "pupil of Mr. French Flowers," a very young lady, sang Mendelssohn's sweet song, "Italy," as also the recit. and aria "Mi tra de" from *Don Giovanni*, with much tact. She has a very fine voice for so young a child. The last aria was beyond her powers, and we should say, that she may become a first-rate vocalist, if we were not afraid of the fate which has almost ever attended musical genius prematurely developed. The difficult and arduous road, by which professional success is attained, requires sterner training than the ill-judged and intoxicating plaudits which abilities, ever beautiful in childhood, seem to claim as it were a right. Mr. Holmes may indeed congratulate himself upon being the father of two such clever sons—the crowded rooms, the unqualified enthusiasm, and the unrestrained delight which followed the perform-

ances at once showed the appreciation of good artists and true talent.

WILLIS'S ROOMS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.—A grand evening concert, for the benefit of some foreigners in distress, was given at the above rooms on Monday, upon which occasion the following eminent artists generously gave their valuable aid:—*Messieurs* Fiorentini, Alexander Newton, Ferrari, Taccani Tasca, and Enderssohn; *Misses* Stabbach, Alleyne, Bassano, and Cole; *Signori* Brandt, Ferrari, and Onorati; Instrumentalists, *Signori* Di Calai and Herr Ganz; pianoforte, Madame Bompiani. To enumerate all the beauties of this concert would take up more space than we can spare; suffice it, all was well, went well, and received with *eclat*; one song alone calls for particular remark, being quite original and appropriate to the season just set in, it was Glover's song, entitled "May-Morning," a very brilliant one, and we should say one of his best efforts; it was charmingly given (for the first time) by Miss Stabbach, and was received with much applause. The words, which are exceedingly poetical, are by Mr. Charles Jeffreys. The concert was fashionably attended, and the room quite full. The conductors were Signor Di Calai and Herr Ganz. —(*Abridged from the Sun.*)

REUNION DES ARTS.—The progress made by this society in the estimation both of artists and amateurs is evident, from their increased attendance at each meeting. On Wednesday evening last, the rooms were crowded. The exhibition of pictures was of more than average merit, and they consequently attracted more than ordinary attention. The same may be said of the photographic specimens, which were numerous and highly interesting. The process of converting lumps of tin, by means of a powerful screw-press, into the tin cases used by artists to keep their colours in, was very interesting from the rapidity and exactness with which it was done. The music-room was very attractive. Several artists made their *debuts* on the occasion. A child of but seven years of age, by name Napoleon (as we understood), played with considerable execution and remarkable ease, some very difficult variations on the pianoforte. M. Reichert, a continental flute-player of celebrity, who possesses great facility in executing difficult passages of a form peculiar to that instrument, deserves to be named. Miss Laura Baxter, an admired English vocalist, sung two of Sterndale Bennett's songs with great taste and much expression. (Mr. Kialmark was the accompanist at the piano—not Signor Costa.) Miss Agnes Bury needs special mention as having made a most successful *debut* as a vocalist. We think this lady will take a high position among the singers of the day. Her method is good, and the management of her voice excellent, and her style of vocalization very agreeable. *Mdlle.* Bury was most flatteringly received, and greatly and deservedly applauded. The two young violinists (the Brothers Holmes), whose *debut* at a *soirée* given some short time ago by Mrs. Frederick Crook, we named as being most promising, played a duet in excellent style, and deserve to be encouraged in their efforts to reach greatness in their difficult art, which, by practice and perseverance, they are sure to do. The event passed off with considerable *eclat*. For the satisfaction of the fair portion of our readers, we must say that the toilettes of the lady subscribers to the *Reunion des Arts* (we presume the *Toilette* to belong to the *Zollverein*!) were perfect, and the loveliness of the wearers a great fact, as all good judges who were present can testify. When we state there were fair beauties from Belgium, dark ones from Spain, piquant beauties from France, blondes from Germany, — from Bohemia, and some of the most charming specimens of the beauties of Merry England, all assembled together, we are convinced nothing further need be said of the attraction offered by the *Reunion des Arts*.

HERR FISCHER has arrived in London.

HERRN HOLZEL.—Herrn Hölzel, the popular vocalists, from the Imperial Theatre, Vienna, have announced a German Concert for Wednesday next, in the morning. They will be assisted by *Mdlles* Anna Zerr and Spitzer, Herrn Pischek, Staudigl, Graff, Schmitzer, and Reichart, as singers; and by *Mdlle.* Claus (pianist), Herr Nabich (trombonist), and Herr König (cornet-a-piston), as instrumentalists. The bill of fare being excellent, and the artists, at least most of them, eminent, the attraction is unde-

niable. Herrn Hölzel are thorough vocalists and sound musicians and constitute a host in themselves.

STRAND THEATRE.—Mr. Allcroft—following up his former success—has this week added to his operatic laurels by giving the public an excellent performance of the "Beggar's Opera," with the original overture and music composed and arranged by Dr. Pepusch. To those unacquainted with our good and old native operatic compositions the work is both amusing and instructive. *Peachum* and *Lockit* are already proverbial with most people, and as to the rest, the operatic personages are too well known to need any analysis. Suffice it to say that the performance of the opera on Monday night would not have disgraced the times when it was first introduced as a novelty. Not only is the *mise en scène* excellent, but the dresses are superior, and as to the singing, it is worthy of especial praise. Miss Rebecca Isaacs makes a seductive Polly Peachum, and Mrs. Robertson and Mr. Rogerson ably supported her as the virago mother and henpecked husband. The Lucy Lockit of Miss Featherstone was not good, but excellent, and her by-play with Captain Macheath was admirable throughout. Her singing, also, was good; and it is to be regretted that so good a natural contralto voice is not cultivated for a high order of music. The gem of the evening, however, was Miss Rebecca Isaacs' beautiful rendering of "Cease your funning," which she gave with excessive taste and correct vocalisation. Mr. Leffler acted better than he sang, otherwise his Captain Macheath was very good; but he was evidently out of voice. The rest of the characters were well filled, and the public have cause to be thankful to Mr. Allcroft, for his spirited attempt to give them good old English Operas, supported by good English artists. The burlesque of *Macbeth* continues to elicit roars of laughter every evening—and the clever Mr. Hodson deserves credit for his impersonation of the "Irish" Thane of "Cawdor?" The house is crammed nightly—thus proving to Mr. Allcroft, what enterprise really can accomplish when ably directed. We understand that the facetious lessee is about to produce a piece founded on the "Black Swan," recently arrived in this country. May it go on swimmingly.

CHRIST CHURCH HARMONIC UNION.—The second concert of this well-conducted society took place at Lawson's Rooms, Upper Gower Street, on Thursday evening, and consisted of Mozart's 12th Mass, with a miscellaneous act. The vocalists were Mrs. John Roe, Mrs. W. Dixon, Mrs. Gould, Mr. Grieves, and Mr. Skelton. The performance of the soloists and choir was, as before, unexceptionable; but the amateur instrumentalists must be removed. As the number of subscribers is increasing, let us hope that at the next performance, which is to be the *Creation*, this defect may be remedied. The encores were Mrs. Roe, in "Angels ever bright," and Mrs. W. Dixon, in Rimbault's song "The Lake of Promise," and Mr. Grieves in a song of Knight's. Mr. Skelton gave Mendelssohn's air from *Elijah*, "Is not his word like fire," with considerable effect. The room was quite full.

ON THE ANTIQUITY OF THE SACKBUT, DULCIMER, &c.—A well-known passage in Daniel puts it out of all doubt, that music was cultivated and brought to a considerable degree of perfection amongst them, if we may judge by the number and variety of the instruments mentioned in it, of which the names of two occur for the first time in the sacred writings, viz; the sackbut and dulcimer. "Nebuchadnezzar the King made an image of gold, whose height was three-score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits. Then an herald cried aloud, to you it is commanded, O people, nations and languages, that at what time ye hear the sound of the Cornet, Flute, Harp, Sackbut, Psaltery, Dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar the King hath set up." There are various conjectures concerning the Sackbut and Dulcimer; it is thought that the Sackbut was a wind instrument, formed of the root of the tree, and played upon by stops like a Flute. An ancient Sackbut was found in the ruins of Pompeii, and appears to have resembled our modern Trombone, which was formed by the Italians, from the one they discovered in the ashes of Vesuvius, where it had been buried nearly two thousand years. Whether the Sackbut was ever lost, or only fell into disuse, is not certain. The ancient one, found at Pompeii, was presented to his late Majesty King George the Fourth, by His Sicilian Majesty,

It is made of bronze, with the upper part and mouth-piece of gold, and its tone is said to be unrivalled. The Dulcimer is supposed by the Padre Martini to have signified a concert of instruments or voices, rather than any single instrument. The possession of these instruments, and the reference of several passages in the sacred writings, are sufficient proofs that music was cultivated amongst the Babylonians, and the Padre Martini, naturally supposes that, as this people was everywhere celebrated for luxury and splendour; their music partook of the same character. The Assyrians invented a Trigonum or Triangulum, a stringed instrument of a triangular shape, played upon with a plectrum. The Trigonum is supposed to have been the instrument which King David played upon, but that is a question which cannot be easily decided, on account of the difference in the numbers of the strings; for David is mentioned as playing upon the ten-stringed harp, whereas the one we have just described contains twelve strings. The Phœnicians had several musical instruments, one called after their own country, Phœnices, and another called Naublum or Nebel, which was played upon at the feasts of Bacchus. There were also a number of other tribes in Asia, such as the Edomites, the Moabites, the Phrygians, the Lydians, the Etolians, the Ionians, and the Dorians, of whose manners and customs we know very little, but we may presume that they studied and promoted the science of music, for we find that several of the Grecian modes derived their names from some of these countries, as the Lydian, Phrygian, Dorian, &c.—(From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Oriental Music.)

ON THE MUSIC OF ORIENTAL NATIONS.—There can be no doubt that all learning and science came originally from the East. The Greeks derived their knowledge of music and other sciences from Phœnicia, Egypt, and Chaldea, and both the Chaldean and Egyptian Philosophers are frequently mentioned with respect, and eulogised by many Greek and Roman writers. The Empires of Assyria and Babylon, of the Medes and Persians, of the Indians and Chinese, were established, flourished and decayed, while those of Europe were in a state of comparative barbarity; and amongst a rich and voluptuous people, addicted to every pleasure and luxury, there is no doubt but music, which gives a zest to such enjoyments, was held in great estimation, and cultivated with great assiduity.

Few people have higher claim to antiquity than the Syrians, Chaldeans, Babylonians, and Phœnicians, though owing to that very antiquity, and the various changes these countries have since undergone, we know less of the actual state of the arts and sciences than in almost any part of the Continent. That these, the most luxurious of the eastern nations, were possessed of several musical instruments, and had the means of conveying, by their aid and that of the human voice, the most delightful and grateful sounds to the ear is without doubt; and it is reasonable to suppose that a nation so prone to luxury and magnificence as the Chaldeans, would do every thing in their power to encourage those arts and sciences that would contribute most to the gratification of their senses.—(From T. H. Tomlinson's Lectures on Oriental Music.)

THE WHIMS OF A PRIMA DONNA.—A curious scene took place at the Italian Theatre of Paris on Sunday night. The opera was *Otello*, in which Signor Bettini took the part of the hero, and Mademoiselle Cruvelli that of Desdemona. The first three scenes went off well enough; Otello sang his song to the Doge with great *clat*, and had the sword of Adria restored to him amid the plaudits of the auditory; but when the fourth scene, in which Desdemona ought to appear, was about to commence, there was a complete change. The orchestra had got through the symphony, and were expecting the appearance of Desdemona, when a sudden pause occurred. The company, suspecting nothing wrong, or at most that Desdemona had not finished her toilet, was indulgent. After a delay of six or seven minutes, no Desdemona appearing, the scene was shifted, and, to the astonishment of the public, the choristers appeared, and forthwith commenced the music of the ninth scene, thereby omitting two of the best *morceaux* in the opera—the *duo* between Desdemona and Emilia and Roderigo's (Calzolari) solo. Some impatience was exhibited at this *coup*, but the piece was nevertheless allowed to proceed. On Cruvelli

making her appearance she was received coldly, but without marked disapprobation. The little she sang was *sotto voce*, and, what was worse, she manifestly showed that she abstained from exertion, not because she could not sing, but because she would not. In the *quintetto* in the tenth scene, her voice was hardly audible, and there was some applause, evidently intended for the gentlemen, and, what is extremely rare in the Italian Opera of Paris, a few hisses clearly directed against the lady. Unfortunately for herself, Mademoiselle Cruvelli, instead of taking a rebuke, which she must have been conscious was well deserved, in good part, turned round and laughed. The cries of *Elle rit!* *Elle rit!* rose from every side, and the rest of the act passed off amid mingled applause and hisses, in which the latter greatly predominated. At the commencement of the second act Otello appeared, and had just commenced doling out, "Son massimo consternazione," when he was assailed with shouts from the house for the two omitted songs. After some hesitation, which was put an end to by the increasing storm, the curtain fell, and a pause ensued; after which a personage appeared on the stage, who, having made three bows with risible solemnity, announced that M. Calzolari, though suffering from hoarseness, would sing the omitted song, but claimed the indulgence, &c. Shouts immediately rose for the *duo* also; but the solemn messenger, being without instructions, repeated his three bows, and retired. Calzolari, who was no way to blame in the affair, then came forward and sang the omitted song amid loud and hearty applaus. A second attempt was then made to recommence the second act, but Otello had only got the length of putting the embarrassing questions "Que feci?" "Ove mitrasse undesperato amor?" when the storm recommenced, and put a stop to the remainder of his sorrows. The curtain again dropped, and, after a delay of about ten minutes, which it is to be presumed was consumed in remonstrating with the lady, the same personage came forward once more to announce that Mademoiselle Cruvelli, though *souffrante*, would sing the *duo*, and claimed the indulgence of the public; but he had the folly to add, "qu'elle avait bien voulu consentir à chanter jusqu'à la fin de la pièce." This ridiculous expression was received with shouts of laughter, hisses, and disapprobation, which, together with some exclamations by no means complimentary to the lady, lasted some time. At length Emilia appeared, followed by Desdemona, looking very foolish, and the *duo*, "Quanto son fieri i palpiti," was sung with as bad a grace as it is possible to conceive. The rest of the opera was allowed to pass off with only occasional symptoms of discontent. The manner in which she sang the latter part of the opera showed that she never was in better voice.—*Morning Chronicle*.

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